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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



BLADE RUNNER



THE DRAMATIC
CONCLUSION TO
THE HIT FILM
STARRING
HARRISON FORD!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **A MARVEL MOVIE SPECIAL**

BLADE RUNNER™

WELCOME TO THE FUTURE, WHERE FOUR REPLICANTS—BIO-ORGANIC IMPROVEMENTS OVER OLD-FASHIONED ANDROIDS—ARE IN REBELLION...AND RICK DECKARD HAS BEEN FORCED OUT OF RETIREMENT TO HUNT THEM DOWN.

My old boss, Captain Bryant, had me after the **ANDREWS** top of the line, superior to humans as warriors or laborers, and just about undetectable.

I found that out when I tested a girl named **RACHEL** at the Tyrell Corporation where they're manufactured.

I learned a lot **MORE** when I terminated the female rep, **ZEROES**... and got **GAMBLER** by her buddy **LEIGH**. I learned that maybe not in **TIME**.

THEY GIVE US **FOUR YEARS** TO LIVE, **BLADE RUNNER**...? THAT'S MORE THAN YOU GOT!

JERRY PERENCHIO AND BUD YORIKIN PRESENT
SCREENPLAY BY HAMPTON FANCHER AND DAVID PEOPLES
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BRIAN KELLY AND HAMPTON FANCHER
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL DEELEY DIRECTED BY RIDLEY SCOTT

PRODUCTION DESIGNER: MICHAEL BALLHAUS
A LADD COMPANY RELEASE IN ASSOCIATION WITH S&B RUN RUN SHAW

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"I cleared the holster. Probably a lot better than most would do against Lash. But not *AS* good enough."

REPRODUCTION SECURITY. THE SIMPLE THINGS... AN NO WAY TO *BATSEY* THEM, TO BE HONEGICK... WITH NO PLACE TO GO! LOTS OF LITTLE *OVERSIGHTS* IN THE NEAGS SIX."



KWUMP!



"Those big hands clamped on my throat for the last time..."

"...until something cut their work short."



"She didn't say *any*? she did it. I didn't ask."

"For quite a while we just walked. Silent Numb. Then I got an idea. My usual one."

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT WORKS ON CUTS AND BRUISES AND A LONG NIGHT.

POOR. WAIT HERE. I'LL FIND A VENDOR.

"What I also found was GAFF."

"Rachel was somewhere back in the crowd. I didn't think I'd spotted her. But I couldn't be sure."

"His main interest seemed to be hustling me over to **BRYANT**."

GEEZ, DECKARD! YOU LOOK ALMOST AS BAD AS THAT FEMALE SKIN JOB YOU SENT PLOWIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW DISPLAY. ALMOST.

YOU GET THE CALL ON THE BIG ONE... LEON...?

SET YOUR BUTT **TWO** IN ONE NIGHT! YOU COULD **LEARN** FROM THIS GUY, GAFF... REAL ONE-MAN SLAUGHTER-SQUAD!

TWO, BRYANT. THAT'S **TWO** TO GO. YOU SAID THREE.

NOT HEADIN' **HOME**, ARE YOU? THREE TO GO... FIGURED YOU'D STAY AT IT ALL NIGHT! LEAVE 'EM DEAD IN THE ALLEY FOR US TO PICK UP!

RIGHT / THAT SWEET LITTLE SKIN JOB YOU VEE-KAYED AT **TYRELL'S** WAS DISAPPEARED. **THREE**, DECK.

HAVE A COUPLE OF DRINKS FOR ME, PAL. LET'S GO, GAFF.

"Back at my apartment, Rachel had a drink while I tried to repair the night's damages and forget the way Geoff **STARED** at me as he and Bryant took off. I could hear the ice cubes rattling in her glass."



"SHAKES. I GET 'EM TOO. BAD. IT'S PART OF THE BUSINESS."



"I'M NOT *IN* THE BUSINESS."

"I *AM* THE BUSINESS."



"There wasn't much to say after that. We did a lot of listening to the clock tick. But she needed to talk. Almost as much as I needed the drinks and a long, long rest."

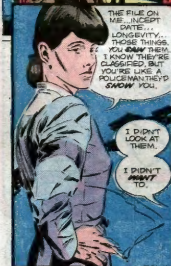


"WHAT IF I GO NORTH... DISAPPEAR? WOULD YOU COME HUNTING?"



"NO I GUESS I *OWE* YOU."

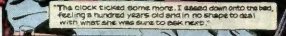
"BUT *SOMEBODY* WILL..."



"THE FILE ON ME...INCEPT DATE... LONGEVITY... THOSE THINGS. YOU *OWN* THEM. I KNOW THEY'RE CLASSIFIED, BUT YOU'RE LIKE A POLICE MAN THEY'D *SHOW* YOU."

"I DIDN'T LOOK AT THEM."

"I DIDN'T *HUNT* TO."



"The clock ticked some more. I eased down onto the bed, feeling a hundred years old and in no shape to deal with what she was sure to ask next."



"I think she looked relieved. Hard to say. I stopped being a reliable witness about then. One thing I'm pretty certain of..."

"... someone took the glass from my hand. Gently. Almost tenderly."

"I woke up to the piano playing and daylight streaming into the room. She stopped as I limped out. She let her hair down."

YOU
PLAY
WELL.

I DIDN'T KNOW IF I COULD. I REMEMBER
LESSONS, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I TOOK
THEM... OR TYRELL'S NIECE.

THESE
PHOTOGRAPHS...

FAMILY, ME AND MY DAD. HE'S DEAD NOW. THAT'S
MY WIFE. SHE LEFT ME. WENT OFF-
WORLD. WANTED THE GOOD LIFE.

YOU DIDN'T?

"It wasn't a question. I really had an **ANSWER** for..."

"...or that led in the direction I felt we were headed."

DECKARD... I
CAN'T RELY ON
MY **MEMORY**
TO...

"I pulled her to her feet and over by the window."

JUST SAY
WHAT I SAY.

KISS
ME.

KISS
ME.

I WANT
YOU.

I... **WANT**
YOU.

"I had her say it several times, until there was no
need to say anything at all."

AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...
ANOTHER MAN AWAKENS.



PRIG...?
IS THAT
YOU? I
THOUGHT
I HEARD...



GOOD MORNING,
J.F. DO YOU REMEMBER
THOSE FRIENDS I WAS
TELLING YOU ABOUT...?

YOU
REALLY
HAVE SOME
NICE TOYS
HERE, MR.
SEBASTIAN.

AND IN THE COLD, MECHANICAL
SMILE OF ROY BATTY...

...THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE AGED FACE FULLY
RECOGNIZES THE VISITORS IN HIS HOME.

YOU'RE... ALEXUS...
REPLICANTS! I KNOW FROM
MY GENETIC DESIGN
WORK AT TYRELL!

THERE'S
SOME OF ME
IN YOU?



THEN YOU SHOULD
BE HAPPY TO
HELP US.

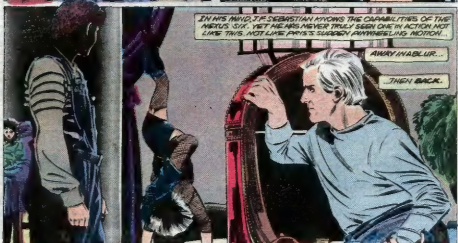
OUR NEW FRIEND CAN
OVER BREAKFAST. BRING US
SOMETHING, PRIG.



IN HIS MIND, J.F. SEBASTIAN KNOWS THE CAPABILITIES OF THE
MERUS SIX. YET HE HAS NEVER TRULY SEEN ONE IN ACTION NOT
LIKE THIS. NOT LIKE PRIG'S SURELY PANNING-WHEELING MOTION...

AWAY IN A BLUR...

...THEN BACK.





YOU'RE
PERFECT...!
REALLY
PERFECT!



YES, WONDERFUL REFLEXES,
STRENGTH AND OUR **MINDS**,
SEBASTIAN...

NO, KNIGHT
TAKES **QUEEN**.
SEE...? THAT
MOVE WON'T
DO.

IS HE
GOOD,
YOUR
OPPONENT?



MR TYRELL...?
HE'S MORE
THAN GOOD!
HE'S MORE
THAN **GENIUS**!

THE
EINSTEIN OF
GENIUSES,
BATTY! HE
DESIGNED YOU...
YOUR
INTELLIGENCE!
HE'S--



HE'S IN
TROUBLE.

MATE!
A QUEEN
SACRIFICE...!
BRILLIANT...



ALL THANKS
TO YOUR FRIEND,
SEBASTIAN... THIS
TYRELL... HE'S
REALLY QUITE
A DESIGNER.

WE
OWE HIM
EVERYTHING,
SEBASTIAN.

I REALLY
MUST THANK
HIM
TONIGHT.

EVENING COMES QUICKLY TO THE CITY, GROWING OUT OF THE DAY'S CONSTANT RAIN AND GLOOM. IT DOESN'T SLOW THE STEADY, SLOW-MOTION TRAFFIC, THE PERPETUAL HARANGUE OF ADVERTISING SIGNS AND BLIMPS...

...OR THE RELENTLESS PASSAGE OF AN ELEVATOR CAR UP THE MASSIVE FACE OF THE TYRELL PYRAMID.

APPROACHING FLOOR 700, MAGNETIC IDENTITY CARDS WILL NOT ADMIT YOU BEYOND THIS POINT.



Be a good m...

YOU HAVE SIX SECONDS TO STATE THE PURPOSE OF YOUR VISIT, PLEASE.

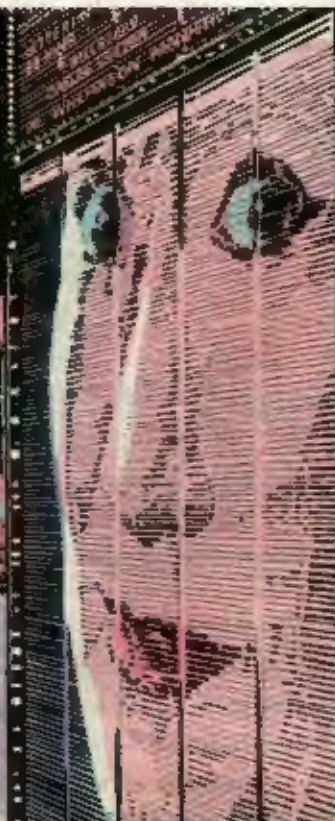
QUEEN TO BISHOP SIX... CHECK.



EVENING COMES QUICKLY TO THE CITY, THROWING OUT OF THE
CITY'S CONSTANT RAIN AND GLOOM IT DOESN'T SLOW THE
STEADY 3-D WINNER TRAFFIC, THE PERPETUAL MARRASQUE
OF ADVERTISING SIGNS AND BLUMPS...

OF THE RELENTLESS PASSAGE
OF AN ELEVATOR CAR UP THE
MASSIVE FACE OF THE PYRELL
PYRAMID.

APPROACHING FLOOR
700 MAGNETIC IDENTITY
CARDS WILL NOT ADMIT
YOU BEYOND THIS POINT.



YOU HAVE 60 SECONDS
TO STATE THE PURPOSE
OF YOUR VISIT.
PLEASE.

QUEST TO
BUSHOP S.E.
OMEGA.

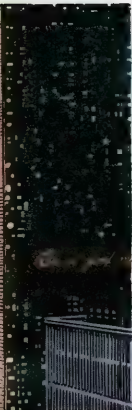
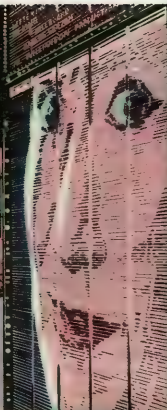


EVENING COMES QUICKLY TO THE CITY, GROWING OUT OF THE
DAY'S CONSTANT RAIN AND GLOOM IT DOESN'T SLOW THE
STEADY SWANNEE TRAFFIC, THE PERPETUAL HARANGUE
OF ADVERTISING SIGNS AND BLIMPS.

...OR THE RELENTLESS PASSAGE
OF AN ELEVATOR CAR UP THE
MASSIVE FACE OF THE TYRELL
PYRAMID

APPROACHING FLOOR
AND MAGNETIC DEENT
CARDS WILL NOT ADH
YOU BEYOND THIS POINT





YOU HAVE SIX SECONDS
TO STATE THE PURPOSE
OF YOUR VISIT
PLEASE

WELL, TO
BEHOLD SIX
CHECK.



SEBASTIAN...
AT THIS HOUR?
CHECK? NO
SENSE. KNIGHT
TAKES QUEEN
TELL HIM TO GO
HOME

RESPONSE BISHOP TO
KING SEVEN. MATE.

THOUGHTS OF STOCK
AND COMMODITY
TRADING THAT ELDON
TYRELL HAD BEEN
ABOUT TO DICTATE
TO HIS COMPUTER
VANISH. HE RISES,
SLIPPING ON HIS
ROBE.



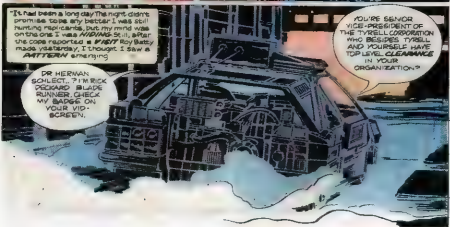
BISHOP TO KING SEVEN.
MATE? THAT'S---
WAIT A MINUTE.
WAIT A MINUTE.

LET
HIM IN!



A DOOR HISSES
OPEN AND TYRELL
SEES

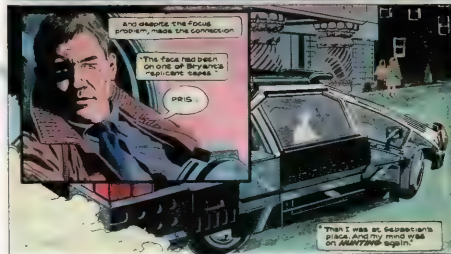
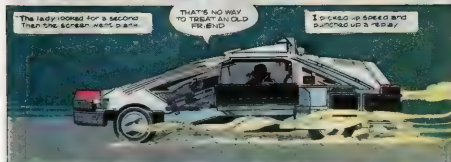
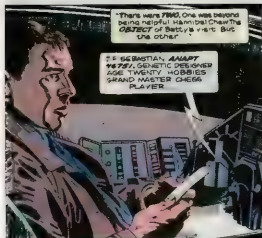
I, UH, I
BROUGHT
A FRIEND



"It had been a long day. The night didn't
promise tops any better. I was still
hunting replicants, but my mind was
on the one I was *HUNTING*. Still, after
the cops reported a *FIRST* Roy Batty
made yesterday, I thought I saw a
BATTERED emerging

DR HERMAN
SCHLECK...? I'M RICK
DEKARD. BLADE
RUNNER. CHECK
MY BADGE ON
YOUR VID-
SCREEN.

YOU'RE SENIOR
VICE-PRESIDENT OF
THE TYRELL CORPORATION
WHO BESIDES TYRELL
AND YOURSELF HAVE
TOP LEVEL CLEARANCE
IN YOUR
ORGANIZATION?



ELDON TYRRELL HAS BEEN PRUDENT HE IS TOO FINE A GAMES PLAYER TO MAKE A WRONG MOVE SO EARLY. HE SMILES AND SAYS NO FEAR OF HIS MOST FEARSOME CREATION

HOW SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T COME HERE SOONER

IT'S NOT AN EASY THING TO MEET YOUR MAKER

BUT WHAT COULD YOU WANT OF ME THAT I HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE, ROY?

I WANT MORE LIFE, YOU POMPOUS ASS!

TYRRELL DOESN'T PURSUE, BUT MOVES COMFORTABLY WITH FATHERLY ASSURANCE

IF ONLY IT WERE THAT SIMPLE. ANY ALTERATION IN THE EVOLVEMENT OF OUR ORGANIC LIFE-SYSTEMS IS FATAL. A CODING SEQUENCE CAN'T BE REVISED ONCE IT'S ESTABLISHED

WHAT ABOUT G M S COMBINATION? OR A REPRESSOR PROTEIN TO BLOCK DETEROGRATING CELLS?

GIVES RISE TO MUTATIONS IN THE NEWLY-FORMED DNA STRAND. A DEADLY VIRUS RESULTS BUT THIS IS ALL ACADEMIC, ROY

YOU ARE MADE AS SMALL AS WE COULD

BUT NOT TO LAST?

THE LIGHT THAT BURNS TWICE AS BRIGHT BURNS HALF AS LONG. AND YOU'VE BURNED SO VERY, VERY BRIGHTLY, ROY

THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE REPLICANTS/I'M
PROUD OF MY PRODIGAL SON... DEAD
YOU'VE RETURNED

I'VE
DONE
QUESTIONABLE
THINGS

ALSO EXTRAORDINARY
THINGS... A RESUME IN YOUR
TIME

BUT
YOU FORGIVE
MY MAKER
FORGIVES
ME

AND TOO LATE, ELPHON THRELL REALIZES THAT
FOR THE SECOND TIME THIS NIGHT...

...HE'S PLAYED A LOSING GAME

ACROSS THE ROOM, J.P.
SEBASTIAN WINDONES HIS
EMPLOYER AND ANDTURNS
TO RUN FOR THE ELEVATOR.

HE HAS FEW ILLUSIONS
ABOUT BEING ABLE TO
MAKE IT.

MR. SEBASTIAN?

"It wasn't my idea of a terrific place to
live... or to look for killer replicants."

"So I tried to do it the smart way. Gun in
hand, taking the stairs instead of
the elevator. I still wasn't
ready for his apartment."

or anything
IN IT!"

GOOD
EVENING
...?

"Obviously, chess wasn't Sebastian's ONLY hobby."

Maybe my eye caught a slight
movement... Maybe it was just
that old instinct of mine.
Bryant loves so much.

"...but when I grabbed
at the veil of the
figure that caught
my attention, it was
nearly the **LAST**
THING I overdid!



"I landed in the hall
separated from my
pistol! Scrambling
to grab that... I
missed **SOON** what
was cartwheeling
my way...



"...until Pris landed
on me and it was too
late to do anything
but **SUFFER**...



The **GUN**! I COULD DO IT!

"My fingers **SALGAGED** it! Pris
leaped **AWAY**... Then came
spinning **BACK** for the **KILL**!..."

NO! I
DON'T WANT
TO--



"I like to think she
didn't give me any
choice..."



• not that it changed the way it **ENDED.**



"I told myself this was the **LAST** of it. I was gettin' out of here, gonna be **QUIT** again.

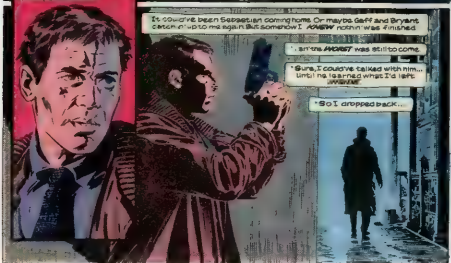
"Then... I heard
the **ELEVATOR**."

It could've been Sebastian coming home. Or maybe Geff and Bryant catchin' up to me again. But somehow I **ADNEW** nothin' was finished.

• an' the **ANGRY** was still to come.

• Sure, I could've talked with him...
until he is turned what I'd left
AWAY.

• So I dropped back...



"...and when he entered Sebastian's place, I did my best at **ACTING** Roy Betty, supersoldier!

"It wasn't good enough. Not against his reactions... Not even with surprise in my favor."

"I reloaded on the run and got set to try again. I could hear him in the other room."

"It wasn't quite a scream. There was a God-to-it and something like animal rage."

"He'd found ARIS."

"After that, deadly quiet."

"Until the **WALL** beside me **EXPLODED!**"

"Before I could blink, Betty had jerked my gun arm through the hole... and was snapping two of my fingers like dry twigs."

"FOR ARIS...
FOR ZHORA..."

"NOT
VERY SPORTING
TO FIRE ON AN
UNARMED OPPONENT
AFRAID OF
YOURSELF,
-TITTLE
MAN?"

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD.
LET'S SEE HOW YOU
RUN, BLADE
RUNNER."

"I forgot about the pain I **AM**. Just like he wanted I **AM**! When him getting closer And when there was no **PLACE** to run.

"...I **CLIMBED**

"Whatever the outcome...I intended to make it **AM**! For him.

"Which made it harder on **AM**! Which maybe is what he wanted in the first place

I grabbed some rag's and tried resetting my fingers. Everything seemed to drain out of me in the effort.

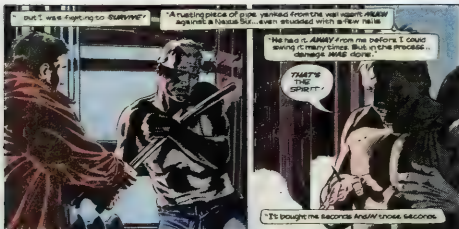
then Betty arrived to help me go **ON**."

IF YOU
DON'T
PLAY--

KARAK!

"WE'LL
HAVE TO
END IT
NOW."

"He'd stripped down an **DECORATED** his body with his own blood. Betty was acting out some kinda crazy, savage ritual..."



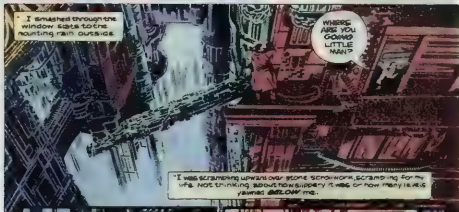
"...but I was fighting to **SURVIVE**."

"A rusting piece of pipe yanked from the wall wasn't **NEAR** against a Nexus Bur...even straddled with a few nails."

"He had it **AWAY** from me before I could swing it many times. But in the process... damage **WAS** done."

"THAT'S
THE
SPIRIT!"

"It bought me seconds **AND** those seconds."



"I smashed through the window sash to the mounting rain outside."

"WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING
LITTLE
MAN?"

"I was scrambling upward over stone **SCORLWORK**, scrambling for my life. NOT thinking about how slippery it was or how many levels yawned **BELLOW** me."



"Then, I was on the **ROOF**... and it was just one more spot with no place to hide."

"Behind me, a **DOOR** banged open."

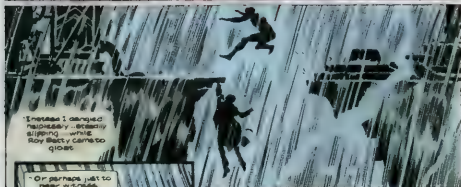
"I didn't think about what I had to do next."



"I just DID."

"ALMOST"

"Maybe with no rain... or two good hands"



"Instead I changed
necessarily... already
slipping... while
Roy Blacky came to
ghost"

"Or perhaps just to
bear witness"



"I showed the only thing I had left... MY ANGER I got to
swear at him once."

and it was all over.

*Except I didn't FALL.

*For a moment it seemed he might just be prolonging the fun.



*But I felt a ~~GRASPING~~ and STIFFENING in the hand that lifted me... and finally realized the PURPOSE of Roy Batty's game.

*A last BATTLE for the ultimate warrior.



He sat down across from where he propped me. Time passed and we stared at each other through the rain...

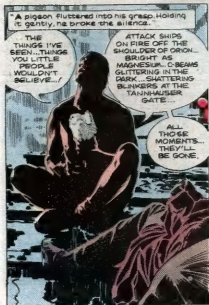


*A pigeon fluttered into his grasp. Holding it gently, he broke the silence.

THE THINGS I'VE SEEN... THINGS YOU LITTLE PEOPLE WOULDN'T BELIEVE...!

ATTACK SHIPS ON FIRE OFF THE SHOULDER OF ORION... BRIGHT AS MAGNESIUM... C-BEAMS GLITTERING IN THE DARK... SHATTERING BLINKERS AT THE TANNHAUSER GATE...

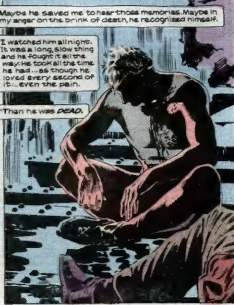
ALL THOSE MOMENTS... THEY'LL BE GONE.



*Maybe he saved me to hear those memories. Maybe in my anger on the brink of death, he recognized himself.

*I watched him all night. It was a long, slow thing and he fought it all the way. He took all the time he had... as though he loved every second of it... even the pain.

Then he was DEAD.



BULLPEN BULLETINS

STAN LEE'S OLD JOB...

...for better or worse is in my hands. Yes, I'm the Editor-in-Chief of the entire Marvel Comics line, and I love it Tomorrow the world!

BUT FIRST, THIS IMPORTANT MESSAGE!

Last month I mentioned (barely) something called EPIC COMICS! I promised to tell you more about them this month. And so...

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE EPIC COMICS GROUP!

A lot of our ideas start with a "What if...?" A while back, Archie Goodwin, who's the Editorial Director of EPIC Illustrated Magazine, was sitting in a corner of the Bullpen sulking because his Associate Editor, Mary Jo Duffy, is so brilliant and efficient that he's always winding up with too much spare time. As I was talking by, I noticed Al Milgrom pull up a chair beside Archie to console him. Al, as if you didn't know it, is the genius editor of Marvel Fanfare, a few other terrific series, and the outrageously successful Marvel Graphic Novel, *The Death of Captain Marvel* (it was only the best-selling trade paperback in the country early this year). Not being one to mess out on a chance to loan over people, I, too, joined Arch in his corner.

"My head mind instantly deduced the cause of the problem," Arch, I said in a wise, fatherly tone, "what you need is more work!" Staring into the sludge in the bottom of his coffee cup, Arch slowly, quietly muttered, "What if... what if we got together some of the best comic creators available..."

"Arch, um... that's our job, man! That's what we always do!" said Al, looking concerned that Goodwin had finally flipped.

"Let him finish, Al!" said I. "He may be onto something, I hope..."

Still staring into his cup, Archie continued, "We'll get the best! The very best! We'll pay them a lot of money so they can take their time..." He looked up, wild-eyed, his voice growing louder. He uttered each word as though it were meant to be carved onto stone tablets. "...AND THEN WE'LL LET THEM DO WHATEVER THEY WANT!" He was shouting.

"Shhh!" I said, "You'll wake Hobson!" Mike Hobson, of course, is our Vice-President of Publishing. He doesn't really take afternoon naps in his office, but I started that rumor hoping to keep the noise level down in the Bullpen.

"Don't you see?" Goodwin hissed. "We'll encourage them to go nuts! All new characters! All new universes! New concepts! A whole new line of comics!"

"How's that different from EPIC Illustrated... or our Graphic Novels, Arch?" I asked softly, trying not to upset him further. Clearly, he was already raving.

"I'm talking about comics! Not short stories! Not limited runs! Not novels or one-shots! I'm talking comics!"

"You mean... you're talking about new, ongoing titles, like *The Amazing Spider-Man*?"

"Yeah! New series! But not like *Spider-Man*! Different! Weird, even! But just as great!" Arch was shouting at me again. Meanwhile a light seemed to go on in Al's eyes.

"Yeah... Yeah!" said Milgrom. "I can see it now! We'll print on good, white paper... in full color!"

"We'll offer great deals to creators!" I added, catching on. "Incentives to make 'em pull out the stops and create! Special contracts, like the Graphic Novels and EPIC Illustrated use—that'll bring the superstar talent running!"

"Well! What'll we call this new line?" Al belatedly. The entire Bullpen answered him.

"THE EPIC COMICS GROUP!" They were on their feet, cheering.

"Your problem is solved, Arch," I said, smugly.

But he was sitting again, hunched over, staring at the sludge. "Hey, what's wrong?" I asked.

"This is a big project," he muttered without looking up, "I don't know if I have time to fit it in. I may need another assistant..."

THUS, IT BEGAN!

Something like that, anyway. I'm pleased to announce that the first issue of our first EPIC COMICS GROUP series will go on sale in October. It's called *Dreadstar*! It's by Jim Starlin, and it's everything that such a historic pioneer issue ought to be. It'll be on sale through stores serviced by our Direct Distributors only. It'll be priced at \$1.50 and a steal at that price. I confidently predict that its value as a collector's item will quickly soar.

If you don't live near a collector's store or another outlet serviced by a Direct Distributor, I'd suggest that you avail yourself of the special subscription offer below. That way you can be sure to get every issue!

STAN LEE'S NEW JOB...

...the one glommed onto a couple of years back, as V.P. of Creative Affairs, which entails being creative boss, big deal producer and high-cosmic muckamuck for Marvel's film studio, Marvel Productions, is keeping him very busy. Why so, you say? Well, I've managed to talk Stan himself into explaining what's up in Hollywood in a special Stan's Soapbox appearing on this page next month! That's quite a feat, considering how busy he is with the four new shows and... oops! Almost stole his Hollywood Mogulship's lines! I'd better cool it...

Till Next Month!
Stan Lee

THE HYPER BOX

DAZZLER #21—The story so dramatic... so moving, we had to make this issue double-sized to contain it! Featuring the shattering secrets of Dazzler's mother, the fate of Doctor Blaise, Dazzler's Carnegie Hall debut, and more super hero guilesters than you can imagine! And don't miss this issue's sensational photo-cover!

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #234—This time for sure—in addition to our usual STERN/ROMITA JR. Spider-Man magic, there's a special 16-page bonus insert for you this month: the *Marvel Comics Guide to Collecting Comics*.

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

- ☐ MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #93 — The Thing and Machine Man and Jockast!
- ☐ TEAM AMERICA #6
- ☐ KING CONAN #13
- ☐ G.I. JOE #5
- ☐ DAZZLER #21
- ☐ KA-TAR #28
- ☐ DENNIS THE MENACE #13
- ☐ DAREDEVIL #188
- ☐ AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #234
- ☐ CAPTAIN AMERICA #275
- ☐ THOR #325
- ☐ MICRONAUTS #47
- ☐ GHOST RIDER #74
- ☐ MOON KNIGHT #25
- ☐ HERCULES (Limited Series) #3
- ☐ CONAN THE MOVIE #2
- ☐ WOLVERINE (Limited Series) #3
- ☐ INCREDIBLE HULK #277
- ☐ AVENGERS #225
- ☐ CONAN #140
- ☐ MARVEL TALES #145
- ☐ X-MEN #163
- ☐ ROM #26
- ☐ POWER-RAM/IRON FIST #87
- ☐ VISION AND SCARLET WITCH (Limited Series) #1
- ☐ ANNE #2
- ☐ FANTASTIC FOUR #348
- ☐ MARVEL TEAM-UP #123 — Spider-Man and Daredevil!
- ☐ IRON MAN #184
- ☐ PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #72
- ☐ DEFENDERS #113
- ☐ STAR WARS #68
- ☐ MASTER OF KUNG FU #118
- ☐ BLADE RUNNER #2

MARVEL MAGAZINES

- ☐ CRAZY #81
- ☐ THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #91
- ☐ BLAZING ADVENTURES #34
- ☐ MARVEL FANFARE #5
- ☐ EPIC #14

MARVEL ANNUALS

- ☐ ROM ANNUAL #1
- ☐ X-MEN ANNUAL #8
- ☐ MARVEL TEAM-UP ANNUAL #8
- ☐ CONAN ANNUAL #7
- ☐ CAPTAIN AMERICA ANNUAL #8
- ☐ STAR WARS ANNUAL #2
- ☐ THOR ANNUAL #16

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"Not too much later, the cops came to take him away. Gaff was with them."

"HERE... ONE OF THE OFFICERS FOUND YOUR GUN INSIDE."

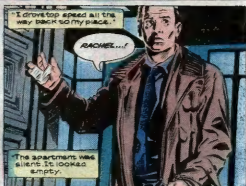
"AS FOR THE REMAINING REPLICANT... THE PRETTY ONE FROM TYRELL..."

"I'M THROUGH. I'M GOIN' HOME."

"Gaff just nodded, watching as I headed off the roof."



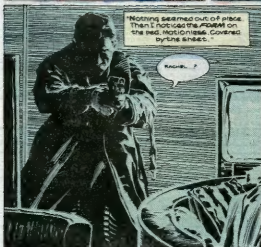
"IT'S A SHAME SHE WON'T LAST FOREVER... BUT THEN AGAIN, NO ONE DOES."



"I drove top speed all the way back to my place."

"RACHEL...!"

"The apartment was silent. It looked empty."



"Nothing seemed out of place. Then I noticed the **FORM** on the bed. Motionless. Covered by the sheet."

"RACHEL...?"



"I stared. Afraid to touch her..."



"...until she opened her eyes and smiled."

DO YOU
LOVE ME?

I
LOVE
YOU.



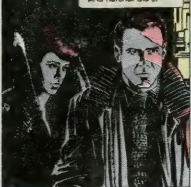
DO
YOU TRUST
ME?

I TRUST
YOU.

"I got her up, threw some
things into a case, and
fresh rounds into the
pistol."

"We left, Gaff's words echoing in my mind: A
SHAME SHE HON'T LAST FOREVER...BUT THEN,
NO ONE DOES."

"She didn't say anything.
And neither did I."

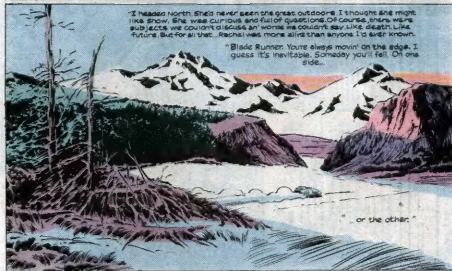


"Not even about the
little, foil-sculptured
unicorn I found out-
side the door."

"Gaff's calling card..."



"...maybe his challenge?"



"I headed north. She'd never seen the great outdoors. I thought she might
like snow. She was curious and full of questions. Of course, there were
subjects we couldn't discuss or words we couldn't say like death. Like
future. But for all that, Rachel was more alive than anyone I'd ever known."

"Blade Runner. You're always movin' on the edge. I
guess it's inevitable. Someday you'll fall. On one
side..."

"...or the other."